

cherished friends, and enjoyed the marvelous fly fishing that exists on Henry's Fork of the Snake River. Jane became well-known for her wonderful fish fries, and every year we would have up to twenty-five family members and friends on our sundeck for what we called a "hapa luau," or partial luau. We would dress in our aloha attire, play Hawaiian music, and serve a meal of honey-baked ham, yams, pineapple (and loads of other fresh fruit), cake and pie, but no poi, huli huli chicken, or bread fruit. While our luaus were never authentic, our guests always seemed to have a wonderful time and couldn't wait until our return the following summer.

At summer's end it was back to our busy life in Hawaii. Jane was teaching special education at both the Kahuku High School and Elementary School, and at the Sunset Beach School across the street from the famous "Banzai Pipeline." *Hawaii 5-0* was the popular television show throughout the nation, and many times their film crews would be on the North Shore filming various segments of the show. When they did, and were in the vicinity of "Pipeline," or Kahuku, Jane would find it virtually impossible to contain her children, for they would rush to the window to observe the action. One year, Kenneth Trane, who worked for BYU Public Affairs, was in Hawaii along with his wife, Kevin. Kevin had worked for me as a secretary and was with the BYU Cougarettes, who often performed with the Cougar Band. While Ken was in conference meetings, I took Kevin to lunch and on a sightseeing tour of Oahu. While traveling in the Waialae area of Honolulu, I noticed the *Hawaii 5-0* film crew shooting a scene on a street corner and casually mentioned, "By the way, Kevin, there's the *Hawaii 5-0* crew over there, filming something." Kevin became so excited that I thought she was going to jump out of the car before I even had the opportunity to stop.

Our children were very active in school affairs. Lorri made many friends and became as skilled in speaking Pidgin English as any local, but interestingly couldn't speak it whenever we were on the mainland. When all of us were in Tonga, Fiji, and Western Samoa, Lorri, who had a terrific sense of humor, purchased a full Fijian-styled wig which she wore continually, to the extent that the students she met in those countries thought it was her natural hair. She wore it one day while we were shopping in the market place, near the shipping docks in Suva Fiji. She must have made an impression—this Caucasian girl with hair like a Fijian's. For when Jane and I returned the following week, this time without Lorri, the market vendors must have remembered us and continually asked, "Where is that palangi girl that has hair like a Fijian?"

Our son Jim excelled in athletics, winning first-team all-state honors in both football and basketball. His name was known throughout the Islands. He went on to receive first-team, all-conference honors in football at the number-one rated College of Sequoias team in northern California. He was even scheduled as a potential starter for coach LaVell Edwards' BYU team, when unfortunately he had to leave school.

Our youngest son, Rich, attended most of his school years in Hawaii. He played in the award-winning Kahuku High School Red Raider Marching Band, a band that was the

finest high school marching band I was ever privileged to witness, even going on to march in the Pasadena Rose Parade. While attending Kahuku High School, Rich developed a love for journalism, going on to become managing editor of the Ricks College *Scroll*. He received a degree in journalism at Utah State University, and worked, while as a student, for Pioneer Presses and the Herald Examiner, going on to become Advertising Manager and Director for their papers in Pocatello, Idaho, and Klamath Falls, Oregon. He is currently the publisher of the Standard Journal in Rexburg, Idaho.

In 1974, Jane and I had the opportunity and privilege to be sent to American Samoa and Western Samoa to do a series of workshops with the Church Education System schools in both Mapusaga and Pasega. While in Western Samoa, I worked with the College of Western Samoa band, under the direction of my good friend and former student Ellis Worthen. In many of the Pacific Rim schools, colleges are the equivalent of our high schools in America. This became one of the reasons that the name Church College of Hawaii was changed to Brigham Young University-Hawaii. It seemed that a degree from the Church College became confusing and, in some cases, was thought as nothing more than a traditional high school diploma. While in the Samoas, I did find that many of our graduates were in high positions, offering a great service to their respective countries.

On our arrival at the International Airport in American Samoa, Jane and I had an interesting experience. As we were attempting to find where our baggage might be, a distinguished-looking Polynesian dressed in a tailored lava lava with coat and tie came to us and showed us where our bags were, even carrying them to where we would meet our host. Thinking he was an employee of the airlines, we were impressed by his courtesy and friendliness. Two days later, while sightseeing in Pago Pago, we visited a bookstore, and as I was thumbing through a pictorial journal showing the beauty and lifestyle of the Samoan islands, I came across a full page of this gentleman, identifying him as the prime minister of Western Samoa. Naturally we were impressed that a person of his status was willing to help two confused tourists. A day later, as we were preparing to board the shuttle flight from American to Western Samoa, he was on the flight with us and greeted us once again. His flight to Western Samoa had been cancelled for three days, as so often happened with Polynesian Airways, and he was stranded for that time in Pago Pago. As we were waiting at the airport in Apia, a tourist came to me asking, "Is it true that the Caucasian lady traveling with you is the wife of the prime minister of Western Samoa?" I can't remember how I answered, but I have had a great time teasing Jane over the years regarding this amusing incident.

While in Western Samoa, Ellis Worthen took Jane and me on a sightseeing tour of the island that included a trip to the remote village of Saniatu, the village where President David O. McKay did some miraculous healings that have become legendary among the people. The trip, which was off the main highway, went up into the mountains and over a very rugged rocky road. On the way, we came to a place called Pula that had a beautiful South Pacific pool, as you would see in the movies. I commented that I would love to go for a swim. As if out of nowhere, a beautiful Samoan girl appeared and handed me a lava

lava that I could use for a swim suit. I put it on and had one of the most delightful fresh-water swims that anyone could ever imagine.

Both Jane and I fell in love with the village of Saniatu, and it too had a South Pacific pool, formed by a waterfall, the favorite swimming hole of the locals. In 1975 when we returned once again, Vaitu'u Kaio, a former student and drum major of the International Marching Band, was teaching at the Western College of Samoa. He took Jane and me and several students on a trip to Saniatu. On the way we found that Vaitu'u was raised there, his younger brother still lived there, and his grandfather had been the Matai (chief), meaning Vaitu'u could have been in line for this honor but had chosen to be an educator instead. When we arrived in Saniatu, we were met by Vaitu'u's brother, and he told him, "We are going for a swim. When we return, I want you to have lunch for us." We expected a very simple lunch, but on our return, we found he had somehow prepared an exotic Polynesian feast. How he did it in such a short period of time I will never know, but it was marvelous.

On our first trip, we had been warned about drinking the water and were urged to drink only purchased bottled water. At our hotel, we asked if the water was safe and were emphatically told it was satisfactory and not to worry. So we partook and paid the price of getting what we later called the "Samoa Complaint." On our return trip, we were more careful, received gamma globulin shots and, for the entire six weeks, never had a problem.

Our 1975 trip was more extensive. This time the entire family went with me, and we had the opportunity to visit not only Western and American Samoa, but Fiji and Tonga as well. In Fiji, we worked in Suva, at the Church Educations System's primary school, doing workshops primarily in general music rather than working with bands, since they didn't have an instrumental music program at that time. To facilitate my work, I had borrowed from the Church College a Kodaly-Orf general music kit, which consisted of a workbook, woodblocks, triangles, single-tone bars, and other percussion and pitched instruments. My family assisted in the workshops, with Jane playing piano and working with the school's English reading program. Lorri moved among the students to help as needed, and our eleven-year-old son Richie passed out the instruments. We taught the classes to sing and play several tunes, with their favorite being "The Angel Band," which became virtually a school song; when we would walk through the school corridors each morning, we could hear students enthusiastically singing and playing this tune. When it came time to collect the instruments and leave for Tonga, the principal pleaded with me not to take the kit, stating that the students had fallen in love with the instruments of the Kodaly-Orf system, and would be bitterly disappointed if I denied them their use. I relented, hoping my colleagues at the Church College of Hawaii would understand, and they fortunately did.

Suva was a city that still showed the influence of British colonial days. The population consisted of native Fijians, Caucasians, and Indians who had come from India as

indentured servants but who were now the city's leading merchants. The city claimed many fine restaurants, particularly Scott's, an exotic cafe, where we would wait on the veranda after giving our order to a handsome Fijian with an Oxford accent, to be called inside only when our table and food was ready. At Scott's, we met the owner/manager, who told us his that Victorian-style building, dating back to colonial days, was considered to be haunted by the ghosts of former occupants. This caused him difficulty in maintaining native help.

Suva had a colorful police band that performed for parades, major ceremonial functions for the city and commonwealth, and visits from important cruise ships, much like the original Royal Hawaiian Band. It was a band that the entire nation was proud of, and I had the opportunity to hear them twice and become acquainted with their illustrious conductor, Viliame Bale. Viliame had studied music in London for three years and had personally started each of his original players from their beginnings. The Fijian Police Band looked most colorful in their uniforms, consisting of a white military helmet, black dress shirt, a tailored sulu (lava lava) and sandals, so indicative of Fiji and the South Pacific. Later this uniform became the model I used for the BYU-Hawaii International Marching Band.

Following my return to Hawaii, I became the recipient of a large collection of band music which I felt privileged to share with this fine Polynesian band.

While in Suva, we stayed at the Hillcrest Hotel, just two blocks from the school and up a hill from the marketplace and shops of the city. When time permitted, we had a wonderful time visiting these places where I purchased a Pentax camera and a custom-made suit, which the tailors in Fiji are recognized for.

Our next stop was in Tonga, at the Liahona High School, near the capital city of Nukualofa. Liahona High School is owned and operated by the Church and considered the "Taj Mahal" of all Tonga. On our arrival in Tonga, we were immediately taken to a birthday fia fia (the Tongan equivalent of a Hawaiian luau), where we were treated to a big and delicious meal. Then that evening, while still extremely full, we were invited to another fia fia. Not wanting to offend our gracious host, we accepted, and had to forcibly eat what was yet another delicious meal.

While the bands at the Church schools in Tonga and Western Samoa followed the tradition of the American symphonic and concert band, with woodwinds, brass, and percussion, most bands along the Pacific Rim follow a tradition more closely related to the brass bands of Great Britain and New Zealand. Perhaps this tradition is due to the difficulty in maintaining the playability of the more delicate woodwinds, with their assortment of keys, parts, and pads, as well as the difficulty in maintaining an ample supply of first-class reeds. With brass instruments, basically all you need is some careful handling, good mouthpieces, valve and slide oil, Vaseline, and a means to protect the instruments from rust and mildew.

Because of this, the band at Liahona was struggling, and I spent the bulk of my time attempting to get many of their instruments into some kind of proper playing condition. In doing so, I found that students were attempting to play clarinets they had assembled by mistakenly mixing parts made by different instrument manufacturers. In most cases, I was able to match the parts correctly, do some minor adjustments, and hopefully help the students play better.

The band was under the direction of Alipate Brown, a fine musician who was endeavoring to do a good job but who lacked sufficient training. I suggested he return to the Church College of Hawaii to obtain further training. This he eventually did, but rather than return to Tonga, he went on to a responsible position at the Polynesian Cultural Center.

In working with the band, it was interesting and somewhat amusing to find that brass players in particular didn't seem to realize that there was anything such as a B, E or A natural, and whenever they came to these notes in the music, they would invariably play B-flat, E-flat, or A-flat. It was also difficult for them to realize that there was anything such as sharps. F#, C#, and G# were almost always played as F, C, and G natural. Part of the reason was that most of the band music were marches written in flat keys. To help solve this, I recommended the use of some of the more contemporary band methods that dealt with these problems.

Before I left for Tonga, Samisoni U'uasila'a, my student assistant and property manager, asked me if I would look up his younger brother and sister, who were students at Liahona and played in the band. Before I could find them, they found me eating lunch at the faculty home we had been supplied with. Jane and I were eating a strange lunch of pork and beans and peanut butter sandwiches. I asked them to join us, which they did. A few days later, they came by to invite us to a Sunday dinner at their aunt and uncle's, the Hafokas, with whom they lived, in the village of Tokomolola. When we arrived, we found that their uncle and aunt, feeling their home was too primitive, borrowed the home of a brother, which consisting of bare studded walls, no glass windows, and a crushed lava-rock floor, but the home was extremely clean. We sat on mats, and the meal was served on green banana fronds placed on the floor. The meal was delicious. In the center was a small roasted pig, and the rest consisted of all kinds of exotic fruit, chicken, two kinds of fish (one with a red sauce), yams, palisami, lupola, corned beef, hard-boiled eggs, tomatoes, corn, taro, ice cream, cake, punch, and a finger bowl at the end.

The Hafokas had seven children, and the only people that ate with us were the uncle and the brother and sister who had visited us. The others stood by, watching and fanning us as we ate. Following the meal, Jane asked the aunt where she had learned to make so many delicious dishes. She replied, "At Relief Society."

While we were in Tonga, Bill Harris, the superintendent of Liahona High School, provided us with a car. One afternoon, while on a sightseeing tour to the far side of the

island, we recognized two young Tongan missionaries walking along the dirt road. When we stopped and asked if they would like a ride to their destination, they politely declined. I could tell that they preferred to walk, but I persisted, and they reluctantly got in, only to have me bring them to their destination some three hours early, with nothing to do prior to their scheduled appointments.

On another occasion, we decided we wanted to go to a particular beach and do some snorkeling for tropical fish. Our dive sight was within the reef and was at low tide. After a period of time, I became tired, and as I placed my feet on the sand of the shallow bay, I suddenly noticed, through my goggles, that I was within inches of a gigantic clam that was gradually closing its shell. Had I stepped into the open shell, I could have been in serious trouble come high tide.

On that same beach, I noticed hundreds of puka shells, which are extremely difficult to find on the beaches in Hawaii. These shells can be made into very expensive necklaces.

On yet another occasion, while standing on a street corner in downtown Nukalofa, I noticed a military-like procession coming toward me. All the locals immediately fell prostrate to the ground. Then I noticed it was the king's procession, with him riding in an open jeep. I wasn't about to assume a prostrate position, so I stood at a polite attention, and as the king passed, he looked at me and gave me a friendly wave, which I returned.

We had many unforgettable experiences in Tonga, such as discovering a beautiful hidden village within easy walking distance of our faculty home. Going to the local movie theatre was an adventure. It had the screen placed, under cover, at one end, with a large, unprotected, open space in the center, and a covered lodge-like section, with special seating for the king at the far end. Sitting in the center section was delightful on a beautiful tropical night, except when it rained, as it did the night we were there. Then all the people would crowd into the lodge section. When we entered the theatre, the students I was with went immediately to the snack bar and purchased a soft drink that came in colorful quart-sized bottles, bottles that I had noticed emptily placed, upside down, to decorate graves in the front yards of many homes throughout the island. Not wanting to be different, I purchased a bottle from a beautiful Tongan attendant who had lovely, white teeth. When I asked for a bottle opener, she promptly took my bottle, placed the cap between her teeth, and opened it as I gasped and shuddered!

The two weeks in Tonga were delightful. We learned to love the friendliness of the people and made many friends among the faculty and students, particularly Bill Harris, the superintendent of Liahona High School, who, along with us, shed a few tears when we had to leave.

But it was on to Apia, Western Samoa, where we would be working near the village of Pasega for the Church College of Western Samoa. The flight from Tonga to Western Samoa was on one of the two prop jets of Polynesian Airways. I was seated next to a

coffin, and it seemed, as we flew, that I could count the individual evolutions of the propeller blades as we slowly wended our way over the South Pacific waters.

After about two hours, we arrived at the small but attractive airport near Apia, where we were met by Sione Tuitupoa, the band director, and Sam Atoa, superintendent of the Church school. As we were clearing customs, an official told us we could only stay in Western Samoa the customary seven days, but Sam Atoa, who was very influential, powerful, and well-known, told the man that everything was okay. We were immediately cleared to stay fifteen or more days.

Jane, in writing in her journal, said this of Sam Atoa: "Sam Atoa looks like actor Frederick March, only has a more pleasant appearance."

When we cleared customs, we were taken to our residence, which was a teacher's cottage close to my former student, Vaitu'u Kaio, and his wife, Nora. Vaitu'u was the former drum major of my International Marching Band, but currently serving as Vice Principal of all the Church elementary and primary schools in Western Samoa. Vaitu'u and Nora, Sione and his wife Donna, and Sione's assistant Tui Petane and his wife Rachael saw to our every need, including a large dinner we shared following our arrival. They treated us as though we were royalty during our entire stay.

Sione and Vaitu'u had a rock band they called "The Fantastics" and no sooner had we finished dinner than we were told we had to accompany them to a dance they were playing at a nearby community college, and I would be expected to play. I managed to get through five or six tunes that were reminiscent of my days with "The Smiling Souls," band. Jane sat among the dancers, but not for long, for the much younger Samoan students, in the true Polynesian style of showing respect for their elders, and not wanting her to sit alone, took turns asking her to dance, for which she was appreciative, having a wonderful time.

I had been sent to the Church College of Western Samoa to help prepare their band for the upcoming National Flag Day celebration, an event equivalent to our traditional Fourth of July.

Flag Day is the major event of the year, when bands compete in an intense, serious, and competitive contest that affords the winner great pride and national recognition throughout the coming year. The previous year, the band from the Church College of Western Samoa had been awarded an unprecedented fourth-place award, and the college was prepared to go to great lengths to amend that distinction. It was the reason Sione Tuitupoa, my former student assistant, was hired, as well as the prime reason I was there.

In all fairness to Sione Tuitupoa, he was most capable and could have done the job without my assistance. He had the support of a fine band of some seventy students. He had prepared an excellent routine and the band was well on its way to perfecting an

outstanding presentation by the time I arrived. While I attended every rehearsal, I felt it best that I minimize my presence during these rehearsals, leaving the field directions strictly up to Sione, and then make any comments or suggestions I might have when we met in private. I also felt that I should be out of the country when the actual Flag Day competition took place, for fear that my presence would make it appear that Sione and the College had brought in a ringer to help and assure their victory. By my being out of country, Sione and the expertise of his band would get their due credit, thus enhancing Sione's reputation as an outstanding band director.

My division chairman, Joe Spurrier, didn't share my opinion, feeling that I had run out and should have stayed to take my share of the credit. I felt I recognized the situation from a firsthand position: my presence would have been a hindrance rather than a help and may have even had an adverse effect on the final decision. Despite any criticism I may have been subjected to, I felt and continue to feel that I did exactly the right thing.

Fortunately, Sione and his band won a unanimous first-place award, bringing great distinction to the band and its fine director. Then, my presence in Samoa served as a major recruiting tool that brought many of these fine players to Hawaii to study and play in the BYU-Hawaii bands.

One evening we were invited to a party at Aggie Grey's, a famous and somewhat historic restaurant, hotel, and resort, to honor the faculty couples that would be returning to the mainland United States. Following the dinner, we went into a reception room for an entertainment program and dance. For the program, all of us sat in a sort of horseshoe pattern consisting of several rows. As we entered the room, Jane and I were instructed to sit on the first row, but I said "Oh no!" Our host asked, "Why?" I responded, "Because you will make us Palagis (Caucasians) stand up and dance, in a ridiculous manner, to one of your Polynesian drum rhythms." To which he replied, "Why, we would never do that!" And, of course, they did. We danced and all of us had a good laugh.

For our transportation, the college motor pool supplied Jane and me with a small Toyota pickup, and on Saturdays and after band rehearsals, we would load up the back with students, family, and faculty and head out to some tropical adventure. One Saturday, we headed for Saniatu for a swim in its exotic pool. As we were passing through a seemingly deserted village, I gunned the engine to get us through a muddy section and, in the process, bucked off three or four of the passengers onto the dirt road. I had no sooner stopped the pickup and jumped out to see if the students were all right than I was surrounded by several excited villagers, feeling I had done bodily harm to some of their local citizenry. I felt I might be in for some kind of trouble and was extremely nervous, until the students who had fallen assured everyone they were okay.

On another occasion, several of us headed over a rough mountain road to the Sliding Rock Falls. On the way, the students had me stop near a bush that had a kind of red seed called "loa" that enabled them to paint their faces, like a kind of lipstick. Driving on, we

came to a small village, where we were greeted by an old Samoan lady who demanded a parking fee of twenty cents from each of us before we could proceed to the falls. The hike to the falls was quite rocky, and part of the time, we had to climb on all fours in order to proceed. At the falls, there were three pools with accompanying slides named the "kiddies," the "mama," and the "daddy." The "daddy" slide was quite steep and slippery, frequented only by daring Samoan boys sliding down in all kinds of positions and manners, including feet-first. I had no desire for the steepness of the "daddy" pool but did manage to slide down the "mama" pool and spent most of my time on the "kiddies" slide. We stayed there for many hours having a wonderful time, all of which was a perfect example of how the people in Samoa can enjoy themselves in a thoroughly simple way.

On yet another occasion, we headed to Salamuma Beach, near a village on a remote side of the island. It was a primitive yet occupied village, still without running water or electricity, hardly changing for over a hundred years. It had been used in the Gary Cooper film *Return to Paradise*. On the way, it rained, and even though those in the back of the pickup got thoroughly soaked, they wanted to proceed till we arrived at the beach. No sooner had we arrived when the sun came out, and all of us had a delightful swim in a clear-water pool, formed many years before from a natural lava flow. In the pool, we spotted beautiful, yellow tropical fish. Out near the reef, Tui Petani's wife, Rachael, found a round guilly ball, which she used to open and eat while in New Zealand. As she was about to do so, one of the local villager women called out, telling her to stop, and not even touch it, stating that the ball contained poison, and a simple prick on a finger could send the poison into her bloodstream, causing serious problems.

One morning in early May of 1975, word came to us that the prime minister of Western Samoa, following a rugby match he had attended, had unexpectedly passed away. He was the dignified gentleman who had been so gracious and helpful two years before, during our visit to American Samoa. His name was Mata'fa, and we were deeply saddened, feeling we should attend as much of the funeral as might be permitted. His fale (home) was within easy walking distance from CCWS (Church College of Western Samoa). He had been a great friend of the college, and for the funeral, the faculty and administration presented the family with a large floral arrangement; then they, along with the entire student body, dressed in their finest school uniforms and respectfully lined both sides of the road in front of the college as the funeral procession passed. The road, we noticed, was beautifully decorated by palm fronds. At the funeral services, held on the huge lawn in front of his fale, were most of the Matai's of Western Samoa, sadly sitting on the ground, dressed in black sackcloth as a form of homage to their departed friend and leader.

Our time in Western Samoa seemed to be one big round of work, sightseeing, and just having fun. Sione Tuitupoa, Vaitu'u Kaio, Tui Petane and their wives were constantly seeing to our every need, be it having us to dinner or bringing to us some Polynesian delicacy. Jane and I had the opportunity to visit the home of Robert Louis Stevenson,

whom the Samoans reverently referred to as Tuisitala (master teller of tales). Later, during our stay, Jane and our son Rich had yet another opportunity to visit his home, this time with the sister of the wife of the Samoan head of state. They found that Stevenson's home is owned by the head of state and is used for various state functions, as well as a place to house visiting dignitaries such as the Duke of Edinburgh, who recently visited.

The Polynesians, we found, not only in Samoa but along the entire Pacific Rim, seem to have a natural feel for performance and entertainment. If they are on stage or feel that someone is simply watching, they love to show off. They don't seem to exhibit any stage fright or worry about making a mistake, as many of we Caucasians seem to do. While I wasn't a proponent of rock music, in the hands of a Polynesian it was a different matter, taking on virtually a traditional ethnic folk style. I will always remember the cute nod of the head and the smile the Tongans exhibit as they dance to any eight-beats-to-a-bar rhythm. Then, the Polynesians have, like no one else, a wonderful way in which they move their face, hands, arms, and feet as they dance to what might be defined as a traditional country and western line dance.

Our return to Hawaii was fast approaching and on Saturday, May 31, 1975, we took the 3:00 p.m. flight on Polynesian Airways to Pago Pago, where, after a seven-hour wait, we caught the 2:00 a.m. Pan American flight to Honolulu. As we approached the equator, our Pan American pilot came on the intercom and jokingly said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, we are coming to the equator, and if you carefully look down on the water, you will notice a dotted red line as we pass over!"

We arrived at Honolulu International Airport at 8:00 a.m., where we were met by student assistant Leroy Mills, who had us home by 9:45 a.m., just in time for Jane to make a 10:00 appointment to have her hair frosted.

MY HEART IS TRUE
Chapter XIII

Hawaii Nui Loa, Part 2
13-1

Between 1972 and 1974, the Church College of Hawaii was suffering from a dramatic loss of faculty and student body due to some administrative policy changes, to the point that I began to fear for my job after more than twenty years with the Church Education System. However, midway through the 1974-75 academic year, the thought came over me that I could outlast these problems, and I began to relax. Then in March of 1975, President Thomas Monson, then a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, came to investigate what might have been some unfavorable reports coming out of the college. I remember his speaking at a college devotional and how impressed I was with his insight and ability to look into a person and tell exactly what was happening. Then, despite a relatively low morale among faculty and students alike, we endeavored to show our best manners, and in the true spirit of Hawaiian aloha, tried to give an impression that all was well on campus. Elder Monson apparently saw through this, and by school's end, the faculty members were called to a special meeting, where we were informed that there would be a new administration, with Dr. Dan Anderson as dean of the college, as well as a name change from Church College of Hawaii to Brigham Young University-Hawaii campus. All these changes would occur under the administrative direction of Dallin Oaks, president of Brigham Young University, in Provo, Utah.

When we received this news, I was impressed by the dignified relief shown by all who were present. Following the meeting, we gave a gala Hawaiian farewell party, complete with gifts and leis, to the departing administration, the members of which incidentally went on to prominent positions on the Provo campus.

Things began to change under the administration of Dan Anderson, and soon the title dean was dropped and his title changed to president, Brigham Young University-Hawaii campus.

During this time, the former policy of sabbatical leaves was changed to a professional development program, where a faculty member didn't have to wait for the customary seven years, but could apply, virtually at any time, for a program that would enhance his or her effectiveness. Almost immediately I applied and was granted the opportunity to study French horn privately with Russ White, principal horn player with the Honolulu Symphony. At the same time, I applied for and was granted the opportunity to return to BYU-Provo for the summer term of 1976 for additional graduate studies.

Studying with Russ White proved to be a rewarding experience that provided me the opportunity to work occasionally with Russ, as assistant principal horn player with the Honolulu Symphony. It was during that time that I had the choice opportunity of playing under the guest conducting baton of Maxim Shostakovich, son of the great Russian

composer Dimitri Shostakovich. This was at the time when international relationships were not well between our two countries. For his concert, Maxim chose an entire program of his father's works, which included the *Fifth Symphony*, *Overture in E-flat*, and the *Cello Concerto*. Working with Maxim Shostakovich was an exhilarating experience. Even though he had to work through an interpreter, we found him to be courteous, friendly, and knowledgeable, highly capable as a conductor, and a pure joy to work with. In fact, a common bond, even loving relationship, developed between the conductor and orchestra. At one point, I turned to one of my colleagues and commented, "Tell me, is this man supposed to be my enemy?"

We opened each of his three concerts with the *Overture in E-flat*, which Maxim took at a terrific pace. It was so exciting and well-received that each time we performed the overture, a standing ovation took place at the conclusion of this opening selection, a first in my years of experience.

Other opportunities with the Honolulu Symphony included a guest conducting appearance by Maurice Abravanel, in which he conducted an all-Gustav Mahler concert, for which Abravanel had great expertise, even gaining an international reputation for his interpretation and conducting. I had great admiration and respect for Maestro Abravanel that dated back to my seventeen years as a regular and extra member with the Utah Symphony. There were other performances with Robert La Marchina, the symphony's regular conductor, along with performances with Metropolitan Opera Association soprano Beverly Sills, who later went on to additional fame as director of the New York Opera Company.

In 1975-76, I was elected to serve as vice president for the Hawaii Music Educators Association. With this came the responsibility to organize and host their annual state convention. I chose to have the convention in the Aloha Center on the campus of Brigham Young University-Hawaii and invited, as guest lecturers, Dr. A. Harold Goodman, chairman of the BYU-Provo Music Department, and Dr. David Whitlock, director of bands from the Northridge campus of California State University. Along with the various workshops and performances, I was fortunate to have Keynote Music Service from Los Angeles supply us with their extensive new music kits for both band and choral organizations. Then, in an effort to show visiting music educators what was happening musically on our campus, I used the services of both the BYU-Hawaii Symphonic Band and A Capella Choir, augmented by the attending music educators, with Dick Lum from the University of Hawaii, myself, and Dr. James Smith, director of the A Capella Choir, conducting respective sight-reading sessions of these new publications.

Apparently the convention was successful, for in 1978-79, I was elected to serve as president of the Hawaii Music Educators Association, which saw me chairing monthly meetings of the board of directors at the University of Hawaii, editing a newsletter titled *Leka Nuhou*, and presiding over the state convention, which we held at the University of Hawaii-Hilo campus, on the big island of Hawaii. For this convention, I was fortunate to

obtain, as guest lecturer, the services of Dr. James A. Mason, president of the Music Educators National Association (MENC), friend, former student (I started him on the French horn), colleague, and editor of the *Instrumentalist* magazine; he would go on to become dean of the BYU College of Fine Arts. Later, as Hawaii Music Educators president, I was sent, as the state representative, to Chicago for the national convention of the MENC, over which Jim Mason presided.

In 1976 I attended, as part of a professional development program, the spring term at BYU. Before arriving in Provo, I had purchased a camper shell for our pickup truck, which I stored with our great friends Jay and Charlene Slaughter in Rexburg, Idaho. My plan was to use the camper for housing while in Provo, then have Jane and our son Rich join me for a trip to the eastern states as our part in the celebration of the sesquicentennial signing of the Declaration of Independence of our great nation. When Hal and Naomi Goodman heard of my plan to live alone in a camper, they would hear nothing of it but insisted I stay with them in their beautiful colonial-style home on Stadium Drive. After a mild protest, I relented and, for the next six weeks, was royally treated, as if I were a regular member of their family. Then, to make matters even better, Hal, as chairman of the music department, provided me with a private office in the executive suite, reserved for his division chair persons.

As a course of study, I took a composition class from Robert Manookin, an independent study class from Hal Goodman, and private instruction in brass instruments from Newell Dayley. I also played in the symphony orchestra under Ralph G. Laycock. Then, as an added bonus to a profitable spring term, Ralph Laycock invited me to guest-conduct Beethoven's *Sixth Symphony* for his orchestra's season-ending concert.

A somewhat amusing incident occurred one day when Virginia Schmidt rushed into my office, stating that the BYU Motion Picture Studio needed me to audition for a vignette part on a movie it was shooting. I appeared for the audition and apparently passed, then was told I was to act as postman in some of their scenes. Part of my assignment was to provide my own postal uniform, which I was able to do by contacting a friend who was an official at the local post office. I then attempted to learn my lines and appeared for the final shooting, being directed by Reed Smoot, who went on to Imax movie fame. Later, in an attempt to find what had happened to the final product, I was somewhat reluctantly told that all of my scenes ended up on the cutting room floor, thus ending my short-lived career as a movie actor.

Toward the end of my spring-term studies, I decided to take a quick trip to Island Park for a few days of rest and relaxation and to check on how our summer home had weathered the winter. It was a gorgeous time of the year and I will always remember driving back through Sugar City and Rexburg and commenting to myself on how beautiful these towns appeared with their well kept lawns, flowers, and clean appearance. This was the day before the Teton Dam, east of these cities, broke and practically wiped out Sugar City, doing extensive damage to Rexburg, as well as other towns between there and Idaho

Falls. Despite this tragic occurrence, many wonderful stories came of the compassionate service and loving concern for the welfare of the victims by fellow community members and outside forces. Following the flood, the Church set up a service in the Ricks College Manwaring Center, offering assistance to those in need, and for several weeks, food and housing were provided to those so desperately in need.

I will long remember that as Jane, Rich, and I were returning to our summer home, we were allowed to drive through the designated detour around Sugar City, simply because we had Madison County plates on our pickup. We witnessed, firsthand, the destruction that had taken place. It was sad to see the damage and view the destructive power of nature, but heart-warming to see people working together to get their homes and lives back in order. Very few lives were lost, and today, these towns are completely restored and are as beautiful as ever.

Following my six-week BYU sojourn, Jane and Rich joined me, and we set out for our tour of America, traveling first through Yellowstone National Park, partly to avoid the Teton Dam damage, and to visit our daughter, Lorri, who was working in the park at the Grand Canyon of Yellowstone.

Our first day of travel took us to Cody, Wyoming, where we were privileged to visit the Buffalo Bill Museum. Then it was on to Spearfish, South Dakota, and the famous Passion Play. We stayed at a campground near Deadwood, the area made famous by Wild Bill Hickock and Calamity Jane. It was at this campground where we met Jack and Virginia Hatcher from Federal Way, Washington, who became instrumental in our decision to purchase land on the Olympic Peninsula and build our retirement home in Port Townsend.

After leaving Spearfish, the Passion Play, and the Hatchers, we traveled to Mount Rushmore and then on to Nauvoo, Illinois, a major stopover on our trip.

Before our Nauvoo experience, we traveled to Winter Quarters, located across the river from Council Bluffs, Iowa. There, we visited the Church's memorial cemetery, honoring the LDS pioneers that had given their lives, one of whom was the first wife of Jane's great-grandfather.

We arrived in Nauvoo in late afternoon, but were generally unimpressed by the city and wondered why we had traveled so far off the main freeway. We did find a picturesque campground with a small Huck Finn-like lake. There we barbequed some unforgettable corn-fed steaks we had purchased earlier in the day from a country store in Iowa.

The following morning, we drove to the historic part of Nauvoo, the site of the restoration project of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. What an inspirational sight it was after our first impression of uptown Nauvoo. We visited many of the restored homes and were surprised to find missionary couples of friends we knew

from our days in Provo. All of us, particularly our son Rich, enjoyed the blacksmith shop. At the visitors' center we viewed the film presentation of what led to the martyrdom of the prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum. At the film's conclusion, I was so choked with emotion, and had so many tears in my eyes that I commented to Jane that I couldn't leave until the crowd had left. She said she felt the same way, too.

Following Nauvoo, we visited Carthage, Illinois, where the actual martyrdom took place. As we visited the jail, the scene of the incident, I felt as if I could envision the terrible deed that had taken place; at the same time, I witnessed a cold and dark feeling, totally unlike the inspirational feelings I had experienced in Nauvoo.

We took a short side trip to Hannibal, Missouri, to see the Tom Sawyer home and then drove on to Springfield and Salem, Illinois, to take in some of the Abe Lincoln territory. As we drove along the countryside, we were impressed by the quaint and comfortable-looking farm houses and could well imagine the lifestyle that must have existed there at the turn of the century. One thing that really impressed us was the comparison between the neatness and orderliness of Nauvoo and the primitiveness of Salem. If my dates are correct, these two towns existed about the same time, and while Nauvoo was farther west in a more unsettled area, it was certainly a tribute to the industry and foresightedness of our early Latter-day Saint forefathers.

I was particularly impressed by our visit to the Air Force Museum at the Wright Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio. As we walked into the museum, the first exhibit we came to was a tribute to the Glenn Miller Air Corps Band, which had served so valiantly in England during the World War II years. Having been a longtime Glenn Miller fan, as well as a wartime member of an Air Force band, it seemed, at least to me, a show of appreciation for the service that we of similar bands had contributed.

It was interesting to me that the most impressive places we visited were those with no admission fees, such as the Air Force Museum; New York City and the Empire State Building; Concord, Massachusetts; and the Museum of Air and Space, as well as the other museums at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C. We were privileged to tour the White House, visit Mount Vernon, Williamsburg in Virginia, Thomas Jefferson's Monticello, and particularly, attend the Hill Cumorah Pageant in Palmyra, New York.

While in Palmyra, we expressed a desire to visit the Sacred Grove, where the Prophet Joseph Smith experienced his first vision. In doing so, we were advised to avoid the large crowds and their attending noises by going early in the morning, when we would experience the peace and serenity this sacred spot could afford.

The pageant, as we had been told, was inspirational. Before this, I had the opportunity to work closely with Dr. Harold I. Hansen, the pageant's originator, as well as Dr. Crawford Gates, the composer of the pageant's magnificent music. Thanks to our good friend and the associate director Virginia Schmidt, we had excellent seats. For some reason, I came

to the pageant expecting a crowd of two thousand or so persons, but was extremely surprised to find a crowd in excess of twenty thousand. I wasn't disappointed in the least with the music and majesty of the entire production.

When we met Jack and Virginia Hatcher in the campground in Deadwood, South Dakota, and told them of our desire to purchase land for our retirement home in northern California, they immediately launched into a sales pitch on the virtues of the state of Washington, particularly a city called Sequim, on the Olympic Peninsula. After showing us photo albums and brochures depicting the beauty of Western Washington, they challenged us to reroute our return flight to Hawaii via Seattle, where they would meet us at the airport and personally show us what they were talking about.

Following our eastern trip and return to Island Park, I phoned Jack Hatcher to take him up on his offer. At first he couldn't remember who I was; then, I believe, he had a brief recollection and agreed to meet us. Jack and Virginia were perfect hosts; they took us to lunch in Seattle, had us experience the Bremerton Ferry, and then took us on to Sequim, where we agreed to purchase a building lot adjacent to a golf course, telling the real estate agent that we would send him down-payment money as soon as we arrived in Hawaii. However, we had no sooner walked into our home in Laie when I received a phone call indicating that the lot had been sold, via the multiple listing, to another party. Naturally, we were disappointed, but we vowed to return the following summer and, this time, have with us the actual down-payment money for yet another lot.

We returned the following summer. On our way to Sequim, we stopped at a fruit stand near Discovery Bay, and as we were enjoying a delicious peach, Jane looked across the street, and noticing a small building with a sign that read "Bay Realty," said, "Let's go over and see if they have any lots for sale!" As we were greeted by a salesperson I asked, "Do you have any good lots for sale?" and was immediately told he didn't have a thing. I then noticed, lying on the counter, the classified section of what turned out to be the *Port Townsend Leader*, and as if by magic, a small ad literally jumped out of the page announcing an acre lot overlooking Discovery Bay. I asked him, "What about this lot?" He looked at the ad and then said, "I forgot all about this lot. It's about eight miles from here. Would you like to see it?" We agreed and were shown a wonderful lot that we purchased two days later, even though on visiting Sequim, we found the original property we had looked at for sale once again.

Following our return to Hawaii, I began to give serious thought to how I might best help the band programs in the South Pacific and, at the same time, create a more effective feeder system from these bands to my program. When I realized that working for the Polynesian Cultural Center in its various shows, villages, restaurants, and offices provided the financial opportunity for students from the Pacific Rim countries to continue their university studies, the thought came, "Why not create, as an additional entertainment feature, an authentic brass band?" In this way, my Polynesian band students would not only get paid for rehearsals and performances, they would become

better performers and be exposed to the extensive availability of brass-band literature. This experience could be taken back to the students' native countries and, over a period of time, dramatically improve the overall performance quality of their homeland brass bands.

I then wrote to Bill Cravens, chief operations officer for the Polynesian Cultural Center, explaining this proposed program. It was favorably received. Thus the PCC Brass Band was formed.

It was never my intent to conduct such a band, but rather to have a Polynesian serve as its principal conductor. The obvious choice was Sione Tuitupoa, with whom I had worked, he having had great success as band director for the Church College of Western Samoa.

I was extremely pleased when Sione was offered the position and accepted. While this was the end of my official association with the PCC Brass Band, Sione and I, being such great friends, continued to work well together, and I always kept a watchful eye on and enjoyed the eventual success of the band.

In the meantime, I went about my normal assignment as director of instrumental music, which was now showing positive results. The Symphonic Band was now capable of performing a better quality of concert literature, and the jazz ensemble was becoming more popular and recognized throughout the Islands.

We had outgrown our rehearsal facility above the auditorium and were now practicing in the ballroom of the new Aloha Center when, one afternoon, following a faculty meeting, Lamoyne Garside, chairman of the fine arts division, stopped me and commented, "By the way, there are plans for a band rehearsal facility being considered for the new fieldhouse. We would like you to have a complete list of recommendations, including rehearsal space, office, lockers, practice rooms and instrument storage space on my desk by tomorrow!" I was surprised and elated but concerned about how I could manage to have such an extensive listing compiled and completed overnight. Needless to say, I spent the better part of the night working on a plan, managing, for better or worse, to have it on Lamoyne's desk the following morning.

Under the capable administration of Dan Anderson, the university was growing. Not only were we getting a new athletic fieldhouse, but the size of the student body was gradually growing, and plans were in process for a new library and administration building.

For the groundbreaking of the new library, Spencer W. Kimball, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, agreed to be in attendance and take charge of the ceremony. The groundbreaking took place outside and in front of the entrance foyer to the university. Thousands were in attendance, including the Symphonic Band, playing the prelude and postlude music and one special number. During the exercises, it seemed, at least to me, that President Kimball was constantly looking at the band. Then the

thoughts came, "Does he approve of what I'm doing? Does he like the Band? Is the music we're playing appropriate?" I know that for a while it made me nervous, but then the thought came, "President Kimball, being an accomplished musician, is merely interested in and enjoying the band and the capability of its many Polynesians students."

For the groundbreaking of the new administration building, several General Authorities of the Church were in attendance. The band was on the porch of the Aloha Center, more than one hundred yards away from the attending crowd, playing some incidental promenade music. We thought we were hardly being listened to, much less noticed. Then, following the conclusion of the ceremonies, all the General Authorities came over to personally thank the band and me for our contribution. I know I was impressed by their graciousness and thoughtfulness in going out of their way at such a busy and important time to thank the band for its services.

On another occasion, I had already passed the president's office when Dallin Oaks, president of Brigham Young University, came out, spotted me, and called me to stop. He merely wanted to say "hello" and find out how I was doing. Again I was impressed with the concern and thoughtfulness of our leaders, knowing that President Oaks didn't have to do this, because I had already passed him and might never have known he was even in Hawaii at that time.

Stephen Covey occasionally visited Hawaii and the university to present one of his recognized lectures. Steve and I had worked together in Provo, as high councilors and stake Young Men's presidents for separate BYU stakes. At the time, Steve was well on his way to becoming internationally famous for his books as well as his lectures. On one of his visits, we had the occasion to meet, and he asked how I was coming along with my jogging. I answered, "I don't actually call it jogging." "What, then, do you call it?" he asked. I responded, "Aesthetic jogging!" "What's that?" Then I stated, "I do all my running on the beach, either in the morning or evening, and if I witness a gorgeous Hawaiian sunrise or sunset, I stop to observe it. Then if I come to a clear tide-water pool, I'll often stop for a quick swim. Sometimes there are beautiful sailboats out on the horizon, worthy to view, and I may want to take them in fully, all of which makes living in Hawaii such a delightful experience." I believe Steve understood my feelings and may have even agreed.

On yet another occasion, President Gordon B. Hinkley, then Elder Hinkley of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, was on campus to deliver a devotional address. During the address he told of his formula for reading and studying the Book of Mormon, then challenged us to follow his advice and do the same. I was touched, feeling his remarks were inspired, and vowed to accept the challenge. I did this, and on his return the following year, I had the privilege of personally reporting that I had been successful in completing his challenge.

In 1978, being still interested in the brass band traditions that were so highly developed in Great Britain and, at the same time, desiring to do what I could in seeing the skills of the Polynesian Cultural Center Brass Band develop more proficiently, I submitted a request for a professional development leave to go to Britain and learn, firsthand, these traditions. My plan was to attend performances and rehearsals, do personal interviews with key brass band people, and learn more of their performance styles, instrumentation, seating arrangements, repertoire, and the means of obtaining said repertoire.

Fortunately my request for the leave was accepted virtually immediately, meaning the university would pay for all of my travel expenses. Not wanting to have my family denied the opportunity of my adventure, I agreed to pay the necessary expenses for Jane and Rich. Dr. Alonzo Morley, a colleague from BYU-Provo who was instrumental in securing housing for our original move to Hawaii, heard of our pending trip and provided us yet another excellent reference for a small, less-expensive hotel in London, about two blocks from Buckingham Palace and the same distance from Victoria Station. Later, Alex Morillo, a former student and another good friend who worked for Pan American Airlines out of London, somehow found the hotel in which we were staying and phoned us saying, "Why are you staying in a hotel?" I responded, "Where else would you stay, while in London?" "At our house in the country," Alex replied. Alex, we found, along with another Pan American employee, had rented, outside of London, a large country manor home near the village of Chertsey with the interesting address of "Squirrel's Leap."

For the remainder of our stay in England and Europe, their country manor became our official, rent-free headquarters. "Squirrel's Leap," we found, was not only our place of residence, but an overnight stopover for certain flight crew members. One afternoon, while eating lunch, we heard a car stop outside. A minute later, a beautiful Iranian hostess from Iranian Airlines rushed in, saying, "Loan me five pounds to pay the taxi!" Without knowing her or having seen her before, I said, "Okay," and immediately handed her the five pounds. I can't remember if she ever paid me, but she was a delight to get to know, and she even introduced us to pistachio nuts from her home country.

Three weeks before our flight to London, as president of the Hawaii Music Educators Association, I attended, in Chicago, the convention for the Music Educators National Association. While there, I told many of my fellow delegates of my pending trip to London for a study of British brass bands. One afternoon, while Hal Goodman and I were in the Hilton Hotel drugstore enjoying a banana split, Mary Reed, the California state president, rushed in and grabbed me, saying, "There is someone I want you to meet." At most conventions, delegates wear a name badge identifying who they are, and as she was walking into the hotel lobby, a gentleman walked up to her, looked at her badge, and said, "My name is Brian Clarke, principal cornetist with the "Men O' Brass" band from Coventry, England. Is there anyone at your convention interested in British brass bands?"

I then was introduced to Brian Clarke, who was, incidentally, the solo cornet champion of England, but who was in Chicago for an engineers' convention. For the next several hours, I was fortunate to interview and tape-record Brian, learning, without leaving America, most of the information I was going to Great Britain in search of.

Our flight to England was crowded but most interesting because we took the northern route, flying over Baffin Island. As I looked down, all I could see were snow-covered mountains, valleys, and canyons, reminding me of what the North Pole or the moon must look like on its dark and cold side.

We arrived on schedule, landing at Gatwick Airport outside of London. We had no sooner arrived at the Chesham Hotel when we received an invitation from Brian Clarke to be in Manchester, early the following morning, to attend the Granada Brass Band of the Year Festival.

Despite any feelings of jet lag, we were up and ready to go after only three hours of sleep. We traveled to Manchester by railway; it was some two hundred miles away. It was to be my first encounter in hearing or actually seeing a British brass band, and I wasn't disappointed. There were in attendance ninety-five bands, of all ranks and degrees, and we had the opportunity to hear the finest in all of England. They had such colorful names as "Besses O' Th' Barn," "Brighouse and Rastrick," "Ever Ready," "Hammonds Sauce Works," and "Wyngates Temperance." While the names of these bands have a touch of humor, they all played with a virtuoso intensity, and the competition was fierce but always sporting.

Despite being in England less than thirty hours, both Jane and I became immediately impressed by the English spirit of fair play, be it going through customs, honesty, seating at the festival, queuing in line for a bus or taxi, playing the music exactly as written, or using the correct instrumentation. In a letter in the April 1978 issue of *British Bandsman*, J. Bell of Motherwell, England, wrote the following:

The test piece means exactly that and should be accepted as a challenge of a band's capabilities to interpret what is written on the copy, and convey the interpretation as demanded by the instruments concerned.

N. Jones of South Ockendon wrote:

I wholeheartedly agree with the comments relating to the Dalmellington Band imitating the fluegel (horn) by using a cloth cap over the bell of a cornet. This goes very much over the line.

In the same issue, a J. Nebrane of Edinburg wrote: